

THE RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

VOL. 1, NO. 2. **MONTHLY** JUNE, '59.

TERMS: Free to the OUTCAST: To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year, in Advance.

B. J. BUTTS AND H. N. GREENE, EDITORS, HOPEDALE, MILFORD, MASS.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

The Outcast.

It was night. In spirit we were in the great Metropolis; and with the moving tide of people were passing down the fashionable Broadway. Proud mansions were brilliantly lighted, and music and song echoed through the spacious halls. We paused before a splendid edifice—if possible more magnificent than any we had passed. Whatever wealth had power to bestow had been employed to decorate and adorn the mansion of the fastidious millionaire. Foreign countries had been explored, and gems of art and beauty had been transported over the broad Atlantic to grace the halls of the wealthy Mr. B—. The rooms were lighted with more than their wonted brilliancy. It was an hour when all hearts beat high with hope and expectation. The daughter of the proud owner of the mansion stood before the marriage altar; beside her one whom the world had courted and admired. The fashionable world made him the center of attraction, the "star" of their gay festivities. As we gazed upon his handsome countenance, his lofty bearing, his expanded intellect, and marked the bewitching softness of his large, expressive eye, we wondered not that the fair and graceful Cora had chosen him to be her companion. But as we glanced again at the youthful bride, we observed that beneath the bland and smiling face, was another expression; a dark, proud smile was there concealed, and she often gazed contemptuously on the youthful bridegroom. Did she love him with all the purity of woman's love? the man whom with her lips she had "promised" to love until death? And how was it with the much admired Edward Dunbar? Did he appreciate woman truly? Had he a manly soul? Did he love unselfishly. We shall see.

It was again evening. The holy stars looked down

upon the great city, teeming with human souls. The pale moon shed her silvery light on all—on the gay and thoughtless throng—on the lone wanderer, and the weary outcast who had not where to lay her drooping head. In the crowded mart we beheld not only the rich, the gay and fashionable, but the poor, the degraded, the outcast. Passing down a narrow street our attention was arrested by a female figure, whose pale face and attenuated form at once attracted our notice. It was evident to us that her soul was in agony—that her heart was breaking beneath a heavy load of care and sorrow. We followed her, in sympathy, hoping to learn something of her mysterious history. We knew there were unread volumes written upon the pages of her existence. She wandered on. When she had turned a more secluded street, she paused, and looking up into the heavens exclaimed, in words designed for no human ear:—

"O my God! has it come to this? Am I an outcast? Whither shall I flee? Society has barred her doors against me. The virtuous and good have cast me from them; and he—O Heaven! must I repeat it?—he whom I loved with all the strength of my woman's nature, has cruelly deceived and betrayed me. Yet I love him still. But where shall I go to hide my shame? I cannot and will not become a miserable prostitute. My whole soul revolts at this. To me it would be a living death. My unborn babe—O, what will become of thee! Where shall the mother hide her face? O Edward, Edward! I am driven to despair. You have cruelly deserted me, and left me alone in this great city—homeless and friendless."

The weeping girl sank upon the cold ground in agony. At that moment we saw a male figure approaching. The strong gas-light exposed his features to our view. Can it be possible! we exclaimed. We will watch his movements closely.

He stooped down and sought to raise the prostrate

— TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM. —

form from the ground. When she heard his voice she exclaimed:

"Edward, is it you? Thank God you have come to save me! You will not leave me here to die. O take me to your heart—to your home; you will own and bless your child. O, tell me Edward that you will!"

"Hush! Ellen, You know I will do all I can for you, 'under the circumstances.' I will see that a place is provided for you, where you can be made comfortable."

"Then you do not love me still? Edward! my heart is breaking. I want your sympathy, your affection. If you never loved me, why have you so cruelly deceived me?"

"I have loved you, Ellen, and I still love you; but—"

"But what?" said Ellen; "tell me the worst—what is it that you would say?"

"That I am married, Ellen, and that this must be our last meeting for the present."

"Married! O, my God! Farewell, then, Edward, farewell forever!"

Like a bewildered child she caught his hand, pressed it to her throbbing heart, and fled wildly from his sight. The "man of the world" uttered a deep groan and turned away.

Edward Dunbar returned to his paternal home—to his wealthy bride; but alas! not to love, to peace and happiness. In his heart he loved the gentle, affectionate Ellen; but his pride rebelled at the thought of introducing her to the world as Mrs. Edward Dunbar. So, after winning her purest affection, after he had allowed the tendrils of her confiding heart to entwine themselves around him, he rudely tore them all asunder, and left them, withered and dying at his feet. He wedded the proud, the aristocratic, soulless daughter of the 'millionaire'; but in so doing he wedded selfishness, misery and gold. Alas! is this the only instance in which man has trampled love's pure blossoms under his feet? Answer, ye who have sinned, and who might see the shadowy forms of outraged innocence rise up before you with bleeding hearts, wounded by your faithlessness. But we know that man is a privileged character. He can do all these things unblushingly, can mingle in society as before, can be courted and admired by soulless women, who contemptuously turn the unfortunate sister from their doors. Oh, woman! when wilt thou learn to deal more gently with the fallen of thine own sex, and justly reprove him who is the greater sinner? The cries of outraged innocence have gone up into heaven. And he who when upon earth looked compassionately upon the erring, sends his ministering angels to bind up

their lacerated, broken hearts; and when the proud world passes them coldly by, the angels of love and mercy fold them to their compassionate bosoms.

But where is Ellen? Avenues and streets she passed, never pausing to meet the glances of the careless eyes that followed her. Her agonized, distracted appearance, made no impression upon the hard hearted worldling, who had become harder than the gold he worshiped. Neither did the aristocratic lady pause to inquire into the cause of the sorrow which was so vividly depicted upon her countenance. No! she only drew her costly robes more closely around her, lest they should become contaminated by the touch of the poor outcast. Charity, Mercy, Religion, where have ye flown in this the nineteenth century!? O God! where art thou, when thy suffering children cry for mercy? O Father! man builds temples in which to worship thee, but profanes and desecrates the LIVING temple—the human soul—which is a part of thee, and which is sacred in thy sight. Let thy voice of justice break in thunder tones upon this guilty world till the selfish, the sordid, the avaricious and the libertine shall believe and acknowledge that Thou art the avenger of the innocent.

Poor Ellen! Upon the cold, damp ground she laid her weary head and prayed for death. She was soon lost to all consciousness. The watchman, in going his nightly rounds, found the lone wanderer, and saw her conveyed to the "house of refuge." Strange hands ministered to her necessities, and strange voices fell upon her ear. No kind and gentle mother was there to soothe her in that hour when she so much needed a mother's sympathy. No strong arm was there to support her in her deep agony. But though no earthly friend stood by her dying couch, yet there were true and beautiful angels bending over her. Beckoning hands pointed her to starry realms, where love, with amaranthine flowers waited to crown the brow of the weary pilgrim.

Child of sorrow! Thou sleepest, with thy little one, in the PAUPER'S GRAVE. Affection's hand strews no flowers over thy lowly bed. No stately monument marks the spot where thy form sleepest. But the night wind sings its sad requiem, and the little birds often chant their wild, sweet song above thy resting place. But we will not look for thee in the grave; no! with expanded vision we will gaze into the mysterious depths of the spirit realm, and behold thee among the beautiful and the blest. No frowning judge met thee on thy entrance to the immortal country. But a loving Father greeted thee, through his ministering angels, and led thee by the side of peaceful waters, where thou didst receive the

"Love is a stronger obligation than Law."

baptismal dew of heaven; while anthems of praise resounded through the vast arches of the heavenly dome. Here we will leave thee, thou ransomed one, resting on the bosom of Infinite love, with bright angels all around thee.

But what shall we say of Edward Dunbar, the Destroyer? Is he happy? No! for there is a still small voice often whispering in the soul's deep sanctuary, saying, "The way of the transgressor is hard." And so it was. She whom he had acknowledged to be his wife, was such only by LAW. She was cold, scornful and exacting. No love, like that which the gentle Ellen had given him, had been expressed by her whom he called his wife. He saw, when too late, that he had made a fatal mistake. He had sacrificed love and happiness for wealth and ambition. While we strongly condemn the course which Edward Dunbar has taken, yet we pity the transgressor, and like a minister of mercy would seek to lead him into the paths of virtue and peace. There is often an angel of love walking by his side, striving to calm the troubled waves which often roll tempestuously over his heaving bosom. The spirit of the injured Ellen is not his accuser, nor avenger; but his guardian angel. With mild and pitying eyes she looks down from starry heights, weeping tears such as only angels weep, when she beholds the strong man bowed in sorrow. The outcast has become the guardian angel, the heavenly teacher.

H. N. G.

Correspondence.

J. A. ROWLAND writes us from Washington, D. C.:—

"Be so kind as to put me down as a subscriber for the "*Radical Spiritualist*." I have not sent you a remittance now, but I promise myself to render you a *quid pro quo* in some way or other. . . . I have mailed you a copy of the Patent Office Report for 1887—the last issued—which I hope will not be altogether uninteresting or unacceptable to you. I propose also to send you such other documents etc. as I can obtain; and I hope to be able to send you some subscribers. . . . I am interested in the subject of Spiritualism.

PROF. J. E. CUMMILL, of Philadelphia, writes us:—

"Gladly, and with fullness of pleasure, I see you have commenced a "*Radical Spiritualist*" paper, so we can have a chance to discuss the true political and religious Reforms of the day. As I have not found one sheet with the independence to publish the truth, I will ask you to open your columns for religious and political liberty to be . . . truthfully discussed. I shall make my articles short and to the point. . . . The cause of truth here has to be bolstered by far-fetched facts and imported speakers. The people ask for a "sign, for physical manifestations, as tests, so long has reason been separated from religion. . . . But the Spirit of Truth has made its bow upon the Stage of Life, and we shall soon have the acts and scenes of its labors. God speed you! is the prayer of your Brother."

THE INDIVIDUALIST.

H. A. Reid's Criticisms.

Under Dyspeptic's Corner, the reader will find me plainly dealt with. I honor my friend's frankness, though he seems to me to have somewhat over done the matter. He thinks I have committed many "grave errors." Now I claim the right to "err," in his view, but never in my own. If I should start a paper devoted to the printing art, I should be likely to call it the *Radical Printer*, which would be a "grave error" to all orthodox printers, like my friend. I intend to introduce phonetic type in one department of the *Radical Spiritualist* as soon as convenient. I, too, am a practical printer; but I would not belong to a "Printer's Union," which will not accord to woman the right to practice the art. THAT would be a GRAVE error.

I am glad friend Reid appreciates the superior merits of my associate's editorials. I will not question his opinion, under the circumstances. That I am "eccentric," is evident, and I am well pleased with the fact. I may need more "calmness;" perhaps I need a better "balance wheel;" yet I am conscious of greater needs.

The *Radical Spiritualist*, says my critic, would be a "laughing stock" at the Meadville school. That is somewhat suggestive. I was once arraigned before the Faculty of that institution to answer for the "grave error" of inviting Rev. Samuel R. Ward (a colored man), to deliver the Anniversary Sermon of my class, who had given me their official authority; though some of them grew pale, and deserted, when the "tug of war" came, and they were called to face the dignity of the Professors. As an abolitionist I advocated, that on the eve of our departure from the School, we should SET AN EXAMPLE to other theological institutions worthy of imitation. But as it proved, our abolitionism savored too much of "sober earnestness," though we had debated the subject freely in our Lyceums. It could hardly be expected, therefore, after years of growth in "error," since that event, that I should edit a paper which would "take" at that institution.

There is truth in some of my friend's criticisms, and I am not ungrateful, although he has not told me anything new. Let him be as faithful to his seniors, not excepting Mr. Parker; for TRUTH is impartial.

My critic speaks very contemptuously of Spiritualism, and I think his terms are in "bad taste," besides being untrue. He will be obliged to take back that word "majority." The few only believe in the infallibility of spirits, and these have not yet cast off the "slime" and "slough" of old theology. Let him class them where they belong. God speed my Brother in the Truth.

The Ideal is the highest Real. Idealists, or Poets, elevate their race.

RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

THE RADICAL SPIRITUALIST

Is designed for an entirely new class of readers from any Spiritualist. The Radical started before it, viz: for the Outcast, the Degraded, the Uneducated, and the Enslaved. If we are honored by the continued patronage of these more teachable classes, we shall greatly rejoice. But if we are thrown off from our course, and yield to the temptation to write for the Learned and the Aristocratic, our effort will be a Failure, though our circulation should become equal to that of the New York Tribune. We therefore inform all those friends of humanity who would aid us, that they can best do so by securing to our subscribers in the ranks of the "publicans and sinners." We do not offer our paper free to this class because we are poor, since by extra hours' labor of our own hands, heads and hearts we profit, edit and publish our paper, though our joint incomes do not equal \$1.25 per day. All beyond an economic subsistence we cast upon the waters. Additional "material aid" we shall sacrificially devote to the Cause. Lecturers, and all responsible persons, are Agents, and copies for Club-subscribers will be furnished: 5 copies for \$2. 10, for \$3. 20, for \$5. Address the Editors, B. J. BUTTS and HARRIET N. GREENE, Hopedale, Milford, Mass.

"Do you expect to Succeed?"

The question has been asked us several times since the issue of the first No. of *The Radical Spiritualist*. "Do you expect to succeed?" Succeed in what?—in making money? No! We never have had the faintest idea of such a result. We should be frightened if we thought that there was the slightest prospect of receiving hardly a just remuneration for our labors. We have labored long, in many directions, and have rarely received more than enough to keep soul and body together. We have learned that telling the truth does not line the pockets with gold. We do not expect to court the favor of those whose highest ambition is to make money. We expect that the so called great and powerful will frown upon us, and perhaps ask us, contemptuously, what we expect to do without money.

In soliciting aid from our friends, we have been forcibly reminded of a saying of olden time, "The common people heard him gladly." We have found, thus far, that the common people have been more ready to lend us a helping hand, than those who are wont to consider themselves "fixed stars" in reforms, around whom all the little stars should revolve. But we will not complain. The broad universe is our field, and God is our helper. Popular Opinion, that great bug bear which has frightened so many weak souls, shall not alarm us with its impotent barking. We have never been great favorites with men of worldly power, either in Church or State. We are content to take our place among the lowly, the despised, the outcast. And why should we not be, when we remember that the wise and benevolent Jesus mingled with publicans and sinners? But we are not content to be mere SLAVES, to have a padlock placed upon our lips. We must be free—free as the singing bird, and the dancing brook.

Therefore we would say to all our friends, that we do not expect to succeed in making money. If we can suc-

ceed in lightening the burden of one oppressed spirit—can cause one fainting soul to feel the great pulsating heart of the good Father throbbing in unison with his own—can cheer the mourner in his lonely grief, by pointing to the realms of starry beauty, where his departed kindred still live, we shall not have labored in vain.

H. N. G.

Cora L. V. Hatch at Milford.

We listened, Friday, 6th ult., to a discourse from which we take the following extracts, given through Mrs. Hatch, on the abstract subject, THE POWER OF TRUTH, which was phonographically reported by Miss Amanda Albee, of Hopedale. Such a subject, though abstract in its nature, might have been so treated that its power would have been acknowledged by the CONSCIENCE as well as the INTELLECT. But we doubt whether any one in the audience felt that the Angel Truth was really saying to HIM, "*Thou art the man!*" The language, the manner, the magnetic or inspiring presence of Cora, form more than half the virtue of her communications, and to that we bow with reverence. But as we would keep in our mind's eye forever, the outcast millions, bound in chains by the iron hand of tyranny, and who have few to speak for them, we must say that TRUTH, which is fitted to the needs of struggling humanity, should be made of "sterner stuff" than too often comes through our more popular mediums.

PRAYER.

"Thou who art forever the Spirit of the universe—Infinite Father—in whose life and light we move, and think, and live forever—whose Spirit and power uplifts, persuades, controls and guides us in every department of life; who art around, above, beneath, and who givest life and intelligence to all created things: we bless Thee for life—that perfect, divine life and love, which exists in all creation, and manifests through its harmony and beauty, the symmetry of Thine intelligence. We bless Thee for all love. We bless Thee for human life; for those attributes in a divine humanity, which make Thy children worthy of Thy care, and which ally them so closely to Thee, that Thine own pulsating heart lieth closely to theirs. We bless Thee for that conception which men have of Thee, which bears them above all surroundings, all circumstances, to the immortal world. We bless Thee, O Father, for life and love—sustaining, divine attributes of the heavenly Spirit—which make us all children of Thy care, and bear us onward to Thee forever. We bless Thee that Thy children are not wholly ignorant of Thy Spirit. We bless Thee, our Father, that there is in every human soul, some spark of divine life—some knowledge, some conception of Thy love and power, which bears

More servants wait on Man than he'll take notice of.—HERBERT.

them at last beyond the pale of crime. We bless Thee, O Father, for sorrows, that occur, and pass through our souls, like a cloud on a summer sky. We bless Thee for the seasons of sadness that flit across the spirit—for the perfect trust that comes from the soul."

"We ask of Thee no especial favor, *to-night*—nor do we ask, that Thou mightest descend among us and pour out Thine own holy spirit; but to bless *all*, and love *all*, as Thou dost ever bless and love. And all the prayer we ask is, that each and all of Thy children may realize the blessings that are strown along their path daily—that they may perceive that beyond is life and love, undying and true, and that they may be brought nearer and nearer to Thee forever."

LECTURE.

"Truth is a PRINCIPLE, consequently positive, unchanging and perfect. No lesser degree of mind can influence it. It remains perfect, unchanged and unchangeable, through all time and all eternity. Nor the downfall of nations, nor the rise and fall of men, society or governments can affect its power, being as steadfast and permanent as the God in the heavens. Truth, therefore, is an element of the Divine Mind, which positively must triumph over all error. Everything which is known as falsehood, or error, is simply confined to the world of facts; for we would give you to understand that there is as much difference between *facts* and *truths* as there is between night and day. Truths are constant as the sun, while facts are as various as the summer clouds.

"We have defined truths,—what are facts? They are occurrences of the material world, and always varying. . . . They may or may not be founded upon the principle of Truth. . . . It seems to be a fact that to-day the earth revolves around the sun. But thousands of years ago it was believed to be a fact that the world was flat. Yet during all the intervening centuries the TRUTH did not vary. . . . Circumstances change. To-morrow you will all be somewhere else. But know ye that the truth can never—never change."

"The phenomena of Nature are all facts, because they are always varying. To-day it may be a fact that a flower grows in a certain way. To-morrow it may change.

"While the Star of Truth shines ever the same, men, like comets, start off in search of truth, as though to find it in some remote corner of the universe. If they cannot find it in one place they start for another, while it exists, perhaps, enshrined in their own hearts, a faint, glimmering light, which waits only to be recognized.

"Now there is something in morality that appeals to the sense of truth in every man's soul; and though his practice and circumstances in life may prevent him from

following out what is true, still he knows what is truth. The 'Golden Rule' is recognized by everybody to be the only perfect and truthful moral law.

"*Facts* go to prove that hatred, revenge and malice, make up the outward phenomena of the moral world, while love, beautiful and mild, sits enthroned forever on the very brow of Deity. Hatred, envy and crime, are all facts in connection with external human life. But the truth which lies beyond, hid in the throbbing heart of God, is not embraced by man's limited powers.

"You ask the atheist if he believes in a God, and he answers, 'No! you cannot *prove* it. If there is a God, why has he not written his name upon the starry heavens, so plain that no man can mistake it? There is a principle in nature,' says he, 'which controls all these worlds, and that is natural law.'

"But whence comes natural law? The atheist cannot tell. But by-and-by he is on the stormy sea. . . .

The storm deepens! The clouds darken, the solemn thunder peals, and the living lightnings play in the mighty arch above, [like flashes from the eye of God!] On bended knees, with uplifted hands, the atheist cries, '*O save—save!*' Where now is 'chance'? Where is 'natural law'? The truth is, *he always* has believed in a God, but materialism, and self-love would not permit him to acknowledge it."

"All things decay," says the materialist; 'the soul has no existence.' But in his inmost heart, when questioned by those who have passed beyond the grave, when asked if he never hears their voices whispering sweetly in the night breezes, when asked if he has no soul communion with his beloved mother, the angel guardian of his childhood, he immediately turns his eyes toward heaven and prays to *her*. He believes in a hereafter . . . though he tries to convince you to the contrary. [We omit here a somewhat lengthy, but interesting illustration of immortality from the seasons.]

"Truth carries its own conviction. The most humble man on earth may stand before you, without any external evidences of power, entirely ignorant of any of the necessities of correct speaking, and he may tell you a truth whose power and simplicity will reach your hearts in spite of ridicule, because it is TRUTH. The simple minded Nazarene, living eighteen hundred years ago upon your earth, uttered more truth and with more power than had been uttered by all the philosophers who preceded him, or than has been uttered by all who have succeeded him. . . . He was not a king, nor a monarch, nor a tyrant; but he spoke truth which all will believe—announced principles which will endure. If there is such a principle as justice—such a power as liberty—such a fundamental element in government as

Oh, that mankind were STILL enough to listen to our teachings!—SPIRITS.

mercy—they will remain unchanged. Though politicians and democrats, and bad men—wicked and depraved men—may drag to the very depths of ignorance and despair, those whom they profess to rule, yet Justice will remain steadfast, Liberty always unsullied, and Mercy, pure and perfect."

"Sciences, which in their infancy were scoffed at, are now honored; discoverers, who were supposed to be lunatics, are now idolized. Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes, Pythagoras, O what were they—most of them—in their own nation and country? Nothing but dreamers. To-day they belong to the galaxy of great names which adorn the temple of science."

"Voice to Young Men."

The article entitled as above, which we published in our first issue, doubtless struck many of our readers as rather unique for a "spiritual" journal, presenting the external beauty of "The Radical Spiritualist." Perhaps they think that a plainer and homelier sheet would be "good enough" for "sinners." Such readers will naturally be somewhat surprised to find us in earnest, and to meet with truth and humanity which is "no respecter of persons." But we promise them, that if they will be patient, and consider well the length and breadth of our aims, we shall not really harm them. Let them not be too certain that such a "Voice" is not needed in their own families, or should not have been uttered years ago, by legal guardians of the young.

We intend to use language, on all subjects, which is direct and unequivocal, but to the purity and sincerity of which, every genuine reformer will spontaneously assent. As for others, whose fastidious tastes may be offended, we cannot afford to heed them. Our work is too important. We would have our "Voice" heard in every corner of the globe, were it possible; yea, we would have it heard in the spirit realm, by the "spirits in prison." But we do not expect a ready hearing. We have not yet seen it copied in any of the established journals, or "Youth's Papers," though we have opened the door. However, we do not falter, for we have not yet sent it to the "American Tract Society!"

Meantime, we have struck off a number of copies extra, on a separate sheet, in convenient form for circulation, also a few (in bronze) adapted to frame, and to hang in "Gentleman's Rooms" at railroad stations, and other places where they may meet the eyes of hundreds of walking skeletons. Whoever of the friends of practical godliness may be moved to apply to us, either for the separate sheets or the framed ones, can be supplied. We have scattered many, in person, at inns, and among knots of idle young men. Who will do likewise?

[For the Radical Spiritualist]

To a Departed Friend.

BY A. G. COMSTOCK.

The Summer days are coming,
The flowers bloom on the lea;
Again the robin singeth
Upon the old Elm Tree.

Thou greetest not the blossoms,—
Thine ears heed not the song;
Thou sleepest in the valley,
Thy withered buds among.

When last the golden Summer,
With slow, reluctant feet,
Passed o'er the hazy hill-tops,
The autumn days to meet;

Thy spirit, worn and weary,
Fell fainting by the way,
But waiting for the finger
Which beckoned it away."

Then when the nights were longer,
And colder grew their breath,
With many a tear and heart-throb,
We yielded thee to death.

Thine eyes he closed so gently!
Thy lips he coldly pressed,
Thy hands he meekly folded
Upon thy pulseless breast!

Oh, in that clime supernal,
Where grief no cords may sweep,
Dost thou enfold thy darlings
Whom here thou couldst not keep?

Then we will hush our murmurs,
And check our falling tears,
And spend in hopeful patience
The intervening years.

But when the death-damps gather
Upon my pallid cheek,
And prayers for light and guidance
My lips no more may speak;

When strange mysterious shadows
Shall cloud my failing sight,
Then wilt thou meet me, Sister,
Upon the mountain height?

And o'er its rugged summit
My faltering footsteps guide,
Into those bowers perennial,—
Just on the other side.

New York, 1859.

☞ We are still prepared to answer calls to repeat our Poem entitled "THE ANGEL AND THE BIGOT, AND THE ANGEL AND THE SLAVER."

Take heed how you act when you are alone.—CONFUCIUS.

VOICES TO YOUTH.

The Shadow-Land.

"O mother! tell me of the Shadow-Land—the beautiful land where angels dwell. Do the birds sing sweetly there? Do flowers grow upon the banks of that mountain home? O mother, tell me of this land; for I dreamed last night that a bright and pleasant angel came and whispered loving words to me, and beckoned me away across the waters. Upon the banks of the river I saw little children crowned with amaranths. When they saw me approaching they came and took me by the hand and led me safely across the blue waters into a beautiful grove. There, mother, I saw our little Allie, my dear angel sister, and she came to see me, and kissed me, and looked so beautiful. Mother, do you think I am going to live with the angels?"

The mother looked sorrowful. She gazed earnestly into the mysterious depths of the dreamy eye of her darling Mabel. The mother's eye was dewy with tears, for she saw an unusual light beaming from the countenance of the inspired child. Forcing back the tears she replied calmly,

"Mabel, my child, you ask me of the Shadow-Land. You ask if singing birds are there, if the flowers that speak to us so lovingly here, bloom on the immortal shores. Dear Mabel, mortal eyes hath not seen, neither is it possible to conceive, of the beauty, the harmony, and the enchanting loveliness of the heavenly home. I believe that the good Father has prepared for us a lovely mansion, where music and song, where warbling birds and singing brooks will greet the new-born spirit; where bud, leaflet and flower expand and unfold in primeval beauty,—but Mabel! Mabel, my child, what is the matter? A strange mysterious spell is on thee."

"O mother! mother, the angels are calling me; they beckon me to come; let me lay my head on your bosom and listen to their strange, sweet music."

The mother held her child closely to her beating heart. She knew that she must part with this tender bud, for the angels had called her home.

Day after day the mother watched over her darling Mabel. The fair child of hope and promise is passing away. The beautiful casket is broken, and the angel child is passing over the waters.

Another star gems the vast concave of the heavenly sky. Another flower has been transplanted upon the immortal hills. Another voice has joined in the deep chorus of the heavenly song, and blends in sweetest cadence, as it touches the delicate strings of the angel harp. Another crown is placed upon the head, a fadeless wreath of deathless beauty graces the fair brow of the angel Mabel.

H. N. O.

Carrie's Prayer.

Little Carrie Perkins was a great pet of mine; indeed, she was the sunbeam of the house. She was only three years old, but she had a strangely mature way of talking sometimes that made her seem very interesting. Every night I went to her room for a good night kiss; and never shall I forget how sweetly she used to look, in her little night-dress as she knelt down at her mother's side and said, "Our Father," nor how reverently she used to fold her hands at the close and say,

"Good night, dear God, and please take good care of little Carrie."

"Why Carrie," said her mother, the first time she added this to her prayer, "you shouldn't talk to God so."

"Shouldn't I?" said the little prattler, "I love God, and why shouldn't I say good night to him, before I go to sleep, just as I do to you and aunt Annie?"

Her mother looked thoughtful, but only replied by kissing her; and always after that she repeated her good night petition.

A lady reading aloud from the New Testament about Jesus raising the dead, looked around and saw her two little boys, one flat on the floor, imitating death, and the other attempting to raise him!

STUDYING LATIN.—We have heard of a farmer whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, one day, thus addressed him:—"Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"—"Forkibus, cartibus et manuribus," said Joseph.—"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickabuss, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backabuss." Joseph went to workibus forthwithabuss.

ENTERED THE SPIRIT-LAND.

In Burrillville, on the 5th ult., of consumption, Malissa Smith, daughter of Nelson Smith (deceased) and Clementina, and step-daughter of Nathan Wallen, aged 14 years, 7 months and 18 days.

The deceased was a young person of amiable character, and beloved by a large circle of relatives and associates. Her funeral was attended by many neighbors, family acquaintances and sympathizing friends. We were privileged to attend and minister on the occasion, and found ourself quite free to express our liberal views. May the veil which hides the great Hereafter from the clouded vision of mortals, grow thinner, until mother and child, brother and sister, friends and loved ones shall "meet again" in their heavenly home.

"TO ACT is easy; to THINK is hard."

Dyspeptic's Corner.

Pompey's Prayer.

"It was early in the morning, and the physician sat by the bed-side of the apparently dying man. In one hand, he held his watch; in the other, the wrist of his patient. Pulsation was nearly gone; and momentarily was the grim messenger expected to make his appearance. The door opened, and Pompey, a colored man who lived hard by, entered the room. He approached the bed with the inquiry, 'How Cap'n Noot du?'"

"Oh," said the Physician, "he is a dying man!"

"Why you no sabe um?" said Pompey.

"I have done every thing which I can, in the line of my profession," said the Physician, "and if my prayers could be answered, the Captain would be saved; but I have lost my influence at the Throne of Grace. Pompey, nothing but prayer can save our friend; the Lord may save him in answer to your prayers. And now, even at this moment, pray that the Lord may spare him, and let not his blood be upon your head because you shrink from duty."

"Pompey fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, rolled his white eyes up into his head, and thus commenced: 'Oh Lord, please spare Cap'n Noot!' He then raised himself up to see what effect it had upon the Capt.; then fell upon his knees again, saying, 'Oh Lord, please spare Cap'n Noot—he good man—he build berry good cider-mill!'—Again Pompey raised himself up, and looked upon the Captain. Seeing his face of a dark crimson, while he appeared to be struggling with the agonies of death, the negro's indignation was aroused against his Maker. He stamped with his foot, smote his fists, and (while his whole frame trembled with violent emotion) exclaimed, 'You can spare him jes' well's not, if ye owe mine to!'"

"This had the desired effect. The Captain's risible muscles gave way, and he burst into a laugh. The Physician raised his patient, to prevent him from strangling while discharging the corrupt matter from his throat; and when the Captain was again laid back upon his bed, he called Pompey to him, and putting a five dollar note in his hand, said, 'There, my good fellow, accept that. You have by your prayers caused the swelling in the Captain's throat to break, and thereby saved his life—for which we all owe you much.'

"Pompey called every morning to inquire for 'Cap'n Noot'; and one morning, when the Captain was so far recovered as to be able to walk by leaning upon the shoulder of Pompey, they took a walk to the barn-yard, where Pompey had his choice of one of five cows. The tears trickled down the dark visage of the honest negro—he thanked the Captain a thousand times, and promised that he would daily remember him in his prayers."

Friendly Criticism.

We wrote a letter to Hiram A. Reid, of Meadville Theological School, and have his response. We graduated at that institution when we was a boy. The professors will remember us. But since then we seldom visit such localities. We also mailed him a copy of *The Radical Spiritualist*. We have space only for his criticisms. For our reply, see Individualist department.

"DIVINITY HALL, MAY 9, '59,

"Dear Sir: Your note and paper are before me. I have no flattery to offer you. I discover in your enterprise, as it seems to me, many grave errors.

"Eleven years of my life I have spent as a practical printer, and four or five in editorial management. The head of your paper looks like a printer boy's first job; it is in bad taste; too much 'gingerbread' about it. *Radical* is a bad word. It savors not of sober earnestness. It means either too much or nothing.

"You set out with the sparkle and fume of small beer in June. Your editorials are flashy. Greene's are better. You flourish a wild scalpel over an imaginary corpse of the past, glancing and . . . wire-edged. Your youthful ambition is moved by an ostentatious thrill at eccentricity. You are hot-headed! Cultivate calmness, and grow up into a wholesome strength of manly purpose.

"Honestly, I think you have got steam up too high. You need a balance-wheel. Think of the matter calmly.

"Your paper would be a standing laughing-stock here." I am not a Spiritualist, as that name is commonly understood, although I have patiently and persistently embraced every means in my reach of learning the *whole truth* of the matter. . . . I took the liberty of getting the *Banner of Light* and the *Spiritual Telegraph* sent here to our Reading-Room, and some of the students were sadly scandalized.

"Spiritualism has much slime to slough off. The majority of its believers are just as much in error concerning the phenomena of mediumship as the wild-shooting Methodists are about the influence of the Holy Spirit.

"I will not advise you to give up your enterprise, but I am sure if you fully realized the grave faults of your writings, you would be disposed to wait awhile. What you don't know would fill a large book. Your article,

"CALL ME NOT GOOD," is bad. Your "VOICE TO YOUNG MEN" is an important subject, and perhaps respectfully treated. "THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE" . . . is unphilosophical, illogical, false in principle. "TRUE RATIONALISM" is bad. . . . Your treatment of Theodore Parker is simply *boisshy ridiculous*. The article . . . is so badly dicked out as to fail entirely of its aim. . . . I think you need a nearer friend to talk . . . to you. . . . You betray some disposition to poetry . . . in the rough. Be not puffed up, as you evidently are. . . .

And herewith I subscribe myself, in all . . . good will and brotherly regard, HIRAM A. REID."

• Good for Theological Dyspeptics!—[Ed.]

A JOKE.—We have received several business letters from a distance addressed to "Messrs Butts & Greene." Doubtless most of our readers are aware that Mr. Greene entered into matrimonial partnership with us before the commencement of our paper, but without changing his name. He would be addressed, "HARRIET N. GREENE."

Thy one sin was greater than all; thou didst treat thy Brother with contempt.